ſoul of woman is not allowed to have this diſtinction, and man, ever placed between her and reaſon, ſhe is always repreſented as only created to ſee through a groſs medium, and to take things on truſt. But, diſmiſſing theſe fanciful theories, and conſidering woman as a whole, let it be what it will, inſtead of a part of man, the inquiry is whether ſhe has reaſon or not. If ſhe has, which, for a moment, I will take for granted, ſhe was not created merely to be the ſolace of man, and the ſexual ſhould not deſtroy the human character.

Into this error men have, probably, been led by viewing education in a falſe light; not conſidering it as the firſt ſtep to form a being advancing gradually towards perfection*; but only as a preparation for life. On this ſenſual error, for I muſt call it ſo, has the falſe ſyſtem of female manners been reared, which robs the whole ſex of its dignity, and claſſes the brown and fair with the ſmiling flowers that only adorns the land. This has ever been the language of men, and the fear of

* This word is not ſtrictly juſt, but I cannot find a better.

departing

departing from a ſuppoſed ſexual character, has made even women of ſuperiour ſenſe adopt the ſame ſentiments*. Thus underſtanding, ſtrictly ſpeaking, has been denied to woman; and inſtinct, ſublimated into wit

* ‘ Pleaſure's the portion of th' *inferior* kind;
‘ But glory, virtue, Heaven for *man* deſign'd.

After writing theſe lines, how could Mrs. Barbauld write the following ignoble compariſon?

‘ *To a Lady, with ſome painted flowers.*’

‘ Flowers to the fair: to you theſe flowers I bring,
‘ And ſtrive to greet you with an earlier ſpring.
‘ *Flowers* SWEET, *and gay, and* DELICATE LIKE YOU;
‘ *Emblems of innocence, and beauty too.*
‘ With flowers the Graces bind their yellow hair,
‘ And flowery wreaths conſenting lovers wear.
‘ *Flowers, the ſole luxury which nature knew,*
‘ In Eden's pure and guiltleſs garden grew.
‘ *To loftier forms are rougher taſks aſſign'd;*
‘ *The ſheltering oak reſiſts the ſtormy wind,*
‘ *The tougher yew repels invading foes,*
‘ *And the tall pine for future navies grows;*
‘ *But this ſoft family, to cares unknown,*
‘ *Were born for pleaſure and delight* ALONE.
‘ Gay without toil, and lovely without art,
‘ *They ſpring to* CHEER *the ſenſe, and* GLAD *the heart.*
‘ Nor bluſh, my fair, to own you copy theſe;
‘ *Your* BEST, *your* SWEETEST *empire* is—to PLEASE.’

So the men tell us; but virtue muſt be acquired by *rough* toils, and uſeful ſtruggles with worldly *cares*.